

## INSANE PATIENTS DANCE IN COSTUME.

Inmates of Flatbush Asylum  
Tried to Imitate  
the "400."

THEY HAD A MERRY TIME.

Had Read of the Bradley Martin  
Ball, and Wanted One  
of Their Own.

SOME QUEER COSTUMES WORN.

Only Two Hundred Allowed to Par-  
ticipate, but They Marched by  
the Cells So That the Others  
Could See Them.

Last night there was a prototype of the Bradley Martin ball. No poverty stricken wretches curled the revelers their brief gaiety; no ministers will thunder against them; yet at the close of the ball, as if in further mockery of the great event of the coming week, the participants were all led away to stone-walled cells and iron-barred windows.

It all occurred at the Flatbush Asylum for the Insane, where over 1,200 inmates are shut out from the life of the world. Yet newspapers circulate through the wards, and the inmates have read of the great masked ball of fashion. Then, just as if they were sane, they were eager to imitate and outshine it. They went to bed last night at midnight confident that they had succeeded.

For over two weeks past the inmates have thought of nothing but the ball, and whether or not they could attend, and what they would wear. Matrons, nurses and attendants all cordially helped, and tried, as far as possible, to let the patients appear in costumes that they most desired.

As a result, there were Indian chiefs and tattered Mohegans, and Swags, with his long, black hair and beard, and Trilby. At the Bradley Martin ball there is to be at least one court jester. At the Flatbush ball there were two patients who had a strange desire to masquerade as clowns. Last night, too, there were several kings and queens and courtiers, and they strutted so pompously that even the masquerading policeman visibly quailed before them.

One thousand of the inmates could not go to the ball, and, to please them, the procession of two hundred masqueraders marched gleefully through ward after ward of the great institution. Some of the poor wretches wept, and some gazed in grim silence, and some rushed to their cells and buried their heads in the bed clothes, and some shouted for joy; and some piteously begged permission to follow the maskers. Most, however, looked on with happy interest.

At length the procession filed into Amusement Hall, a detached building standing in the center of the courtyard. The brass band of the institution, numbering twelve pieces, was perched up aloft, among the gaudy and noisy, and the inmates, who were all dressed in costumes, were all dressed in costumes, and the poor wretches wept, and some gazed in grim silence, and some rushed to their cells and buried their heads in the bed clothes, and some shouted for joy; and some piteously begged permission to follow the maskers. Most, however, looked on with happy interest.

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## HID HIS SWEETHEART.

Faced by Carrie Bottinger's Parents, Max  
Well Tells Where He Had  
Secreted Her.

Max Well's infatuation for seventeen-year-old Carrie Bottinger led to his being introduced to Captain McManus at Newark Police Headquarters yesterday.

Max, who is about twenty-two years old, tall, good looking and well dressed, stepped up to Policeman Moore at Market and Mulberry streets, Newark, yesterday morning and asked that he be taken in custody. The officer had just begun to question Well when a woman stepped up and demanded Well's arrest, saying he had stolen her seventeen-year-old daughter.

Moore invited both to accompany him to Police Headquarters. There the woman said she was Mrs. Bertha Kessler, of No. 270 Hunterdon street. She is the mother of Carrie. Her husband, Carrie's stepfather, was also present. Mrs. Kessler told Captain McManus that Well had taken Carrie away on Wednesday last; that she had not seen her since, and did not know where the girl was or what had become of her.

When Well was asked what he had to say he burst into tears and said it was true he had taken Carrie away. He did so, he said, because she had been ordered out of her home by her mother and stepfather. He added that he loved the girl dearly, was able to provide her with a good home, and would part with his life before he would lose his Carrie. He wanted to marry Carrie, he said, between his sobs, but her mother would not consent because she is not yet of age. He added that he had taken the girl direct to his sister's house, in New York, where she still was.

The captain said he believed that Well meant to do what was right with the girl, and suggested to Mrs. Kessler that the best thing to do was to give her consent to a marriage, but she would not listen to the suggestion, owing to Carrie's youth. The trouble was then patched up for the time being by Well agreeing to accompany Mrs. Kessler to his sister's house, where she could find Carrie.

They at once left for New York after both had promised to call on the captain again and let him know how their case was progressing.

John P. Weirich, fifty-five years old, of No. 272 North Second street, Brooklyn, was married to Miss Annie Deninger, nineteen years old, also of Brooklyn, at the Hotel Washington, Jersey City, last Wednesday. Justice of the Peace Winfield S. Weed performed the ceremony. The couple were accompanied by Detective Charles F. Reinhard, of Brooklyn, and the bride's brother, Andrew.

Weirich, who was locked up in Raymond street Jail on a charge made by the girl, wanted to marry her. He was unable to do so, however, as he was a divorced man and had been prohibited from again marrying the girl. He was, however, permitted to marry her, and he went to Jersey City with Miss Deninger and her brother.

Justice Weed says he received \$50 as a wedding fee.

Weirich is an expert machinist.

AWAIT EXPERT OPINION.

Engineers Expected to Report on Monday on the Plan for Running "L" Trains Over the Bridge.

The Bridge Trustees expect that the Board of Experts appointed last Summer will report Monday. They are to decide if it will be safe to run elevated railroad trains and trolley cars across the Bridge. Mayor Strong recently said at a meeting of the trustees that a little dynamite might induce the experts to submit a report.

The trustees will meet Monday and probably elect a president and secretary. Howell, it is believed that William Herli will be chosen, as he is a Republican. Seth L. Keeney, however, is also a candidate. Mayor Wurstler appointed Mr. Berd so that he might be elected president and secure for the Republican party control of the bridge, in which several hundred men are employed.

THE PROSECUTION WAS WEAK.

Case Against a Roadhouse in a Brooklyn Police Court.

The case of the prosecution in the trial of Victor Peterson, the alleged proprietor of the roadhouse on the Boulevard known as Mackey's Hotel, was remarkably weak when the matter came up for trial before Justice Walsh and a jury in the Adams street Police Court, in Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon. John B. Meyenburgh, the lawyer for the defense, had promised to bring the names of several prominent citizens into the case, and it is said some persons of influence were interested in belittling the matter. At any rate the witnesses put on the stand by the Assistant District Attorney told so little that when the prosecution rested one of the jurors asked:

"Your Honor, would the counsel consent to let the case go to the jury now?"

Lawyer Meyenburgh said he wanted to put a few witnesses on the stand first, and the matter went over to Monday afternoon.

The hotel was raided early on the morning of December 6. Several persons were arrested.

Firebuz Sharp Gets Five Years.

Mount Holly, N. J., Feb. 5.—Charles Sharp, Jr., of Columbus, who yesterday pleaded guilty to arson in burning the outbuildings of Jacob Ridgway, at Columbus, was today sentenced to five years in the State Prison. His companions, Murphy and Kane, were acquitted yesterday.

## NAVAL DRY DOCK FOUND TOO SHORT.

Discovery May Result in  
Court-Martialing Two  
Engineers.

INVESTIGATION UNDER WAY

Those Found Responsible Likely  
to Be Dismissed in  
Disgrace.

PEARY SAW THE MISTAKE.

The Arctic Explorer Is Said to Have  
Discovered That the Structure  
Is Nearly Two Feet Shorter  
Than Plans Call For.

The Brooklyn dry dock has been found to be shorter than planned, and the discovery, some time ago hinted at and officially verified yesterday, may lead to the court-martialing of two well-known civil engineers. It is almost certain that there will be an investigation to locate the blame, at any rate, unless the preliminary examination already instituted may establish the causes which have led to the peculiar condition at the New York Navy Yard.

This dock has been the subject of all

## SHERIFF SEIZES POST OFFICE SAFE.

Uncle Sam in a Predicament  
in Long Island  
City.

ALL FIXTURES ATTACHED.

Trouble the Result of a Suit  
Over a Promissory Note  
for \$100.

MAILS NOT INTERFERED WITH.

Building and Contents Owned by a  
Man Against Whom Judgment  
Had Been Rendered—Sheriff  
Proceeded Cautiously.

The big fire-proof safe and other fixtures of the Long Island City Post Office were yesterday seized by Deputy Sheriff William W. Mershon, on an attachment signed by Supreme Court Justice Garretson, to satisfy a judgment recently obtained by Walter Scarborough, a jeweler, of No. 9 Jackson street, against Frederick W. Schwalenberg, who formerly managed the Schwalenberg estate, which owned the building. The attachment was given to Sheriff Henry Doherty on Thursday by Lawyer

## FIVE BULLETS END BRIEF WEDDED LIFE.

Frenzied Husband Shoots  
His Bride and Mortally  
Wounds Himself.

LIES IN HIDING FOR HER.

Springs Out as She Trips Merrily  
Past and Begins  
Shooting.

CHANCE FOR HER, NONE FOR HIM.

They Had Quarrelled and Separated  
Soon After the Honeymoon, and  
Schaffer Began Drinking and  
Planning for Revenge.

Burlington, N. J., Feb. 5.—Two months ago Nicholas Schaffer was the smooth and suave Dr. Jekyll, of Burlington, when he led Ida Moulton to the altar and promised to cherish, love and honor her. Just before noon today Schaffer, his face swollen from the effects of prolonged dissipation and with his bloodshot eyes flashing deadly hate, was the personification of the fiendish murderer, Mr. Hyde, as he lay in wait along the path he knew his wife would pass, ready and eager to slay her.

## BOY AND WIFE PARTED.

Seventeen-Year-Old Gaetano Georzo, Who  
Wedded Twelve-Year-Old Lizzie  
Sarrantino, Held.

A pathetic scene was witnessed at noon yesterday when Detective Conroy produced in the Orange (N. J.) Police Court seventeen-year-old Gaetano Georzo and his twelve-year-old bride, Lizzie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sarrantino, of Richmond place, that city, who, as told in the Journal yesterday, were married on Monday by Justice of the Peace Charles Sturtevant. The couple were arrested at the instance of the bride's parents, who insist that the marriage should be annulled.

When the child-bride entered the court room the mother cried hysterically and her friends had difficulty in calming her. The daughter and her boy husband faced Justice Davis, standing side by side and hand in hand, and apparently unable to realize that the law could have been violated in their marriage.

The bride told the Court she did not give her name because her mother forced her to and wanted to marry him. The young husband had nothing to say. The Magistrate asked the husband if he loved the bride, and the lad was being led away from his bride for the first time seemed to realize the serious character of his position.

Lizzie was told by the judge to go home with her parents, but this she refused to do, and with the consent of the judge, she was allowed to go out and look for her husband. She also called upon Lawyer Nathan Horton and engaged him to combat the effort to be made to have the marriage annulled. It is said that the bride will proceed against Justice Sturtevant as well as against the young husband.

Later last night Georzo was liberated on bail. He is about the same age as the girl left her parents' home. She did not join her husband, but went into hiding and could not be found.

SAID HIM NAY IN 1845.

After Fifty-Two Years' Reflection, Rachel Carvalho Weds Seventy-seven-Year-Old Moses Samuels.

Camden, N. J., Feb. 5.—Justice Longstreth, of this city, has just united the oldest couple he ever wedded. The bridegroom was Moses Samuels, a widower, seventy-seven years old; the bride was Miss Rachel Carvalho, aged seventy years.

When Miss Carvalho was eighteen years of age and one of the belles of the vicinity Samuels proposed to her, but she would not marry him. In after years she married, but she remained single. When Samuels' wife died Rachel Carvalho became his housekeeper. Then he renewed his suit for her hand and she consented.

FORTUNE FOR THE ALLENS.

Lawyers and Police Searching for the Missing Heirs of an Estate Valued at \$150,000.

If Mrs. Edward Allen, who lived in Hoboken in 1834, or her heirs, can be located, there is a fortune of \$150,000 awaiting them in Dorsetshire, England. Sixty-three years ago Hoboken was a small village with few inhabitants, now it is a thriving city, in which reside over 50,000 people.

Lawyer Alexander C. Young, whose offices are in the First National Bank Building, is searching for Mrs. Allen or her heirs. Mrs. Young's attention was called to the case last month. He then received a letter from J. D. Perkins, attorney at law, of Edgewater, Grayson County, Va. The letter stated that he had been requested by a firm of London solicitors to locate the heirs of the estate of Richard Horton, of Dorsetshire. The latter was a rich farmer, who died a number of years ago.

Allen, who was his daughter, came to this country in the early thirties with her husband. Her maiden name was Frances Horton. Up to 1834, so the London solicitors wrote Mr. Perkins, it was known that she lived in Hoboken. Then all trace of her was lost.

Chief of Police Donovan, who knows many of the oldest families in the city, has been asked for aid in finding the heirs. Several of his men have taken to the search, but so far success has not crowned their efforts. The county and city records are now being overhauled in the hope that some trace of Mrs. Allen's death, if she died in Hoboken, may be found.

TROLLEY CAR'S WILD RUN.

Slipped Along Icy Tracks on a Newark Hill and Badly Scared Its Passengers.

A number of passengers in a Forest Hill trolley car were badly scared yesterday, when it ran away on the steep incline on Eighth avenue, between John and Broad streets, Newark.

The tracks were slippery, and Motorman George Stimers being unable to control the car it went down